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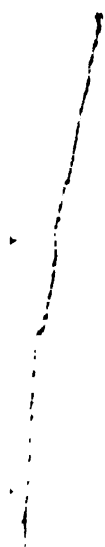
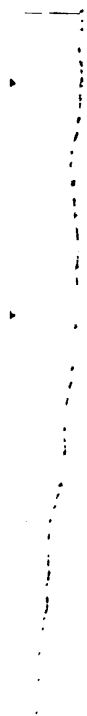
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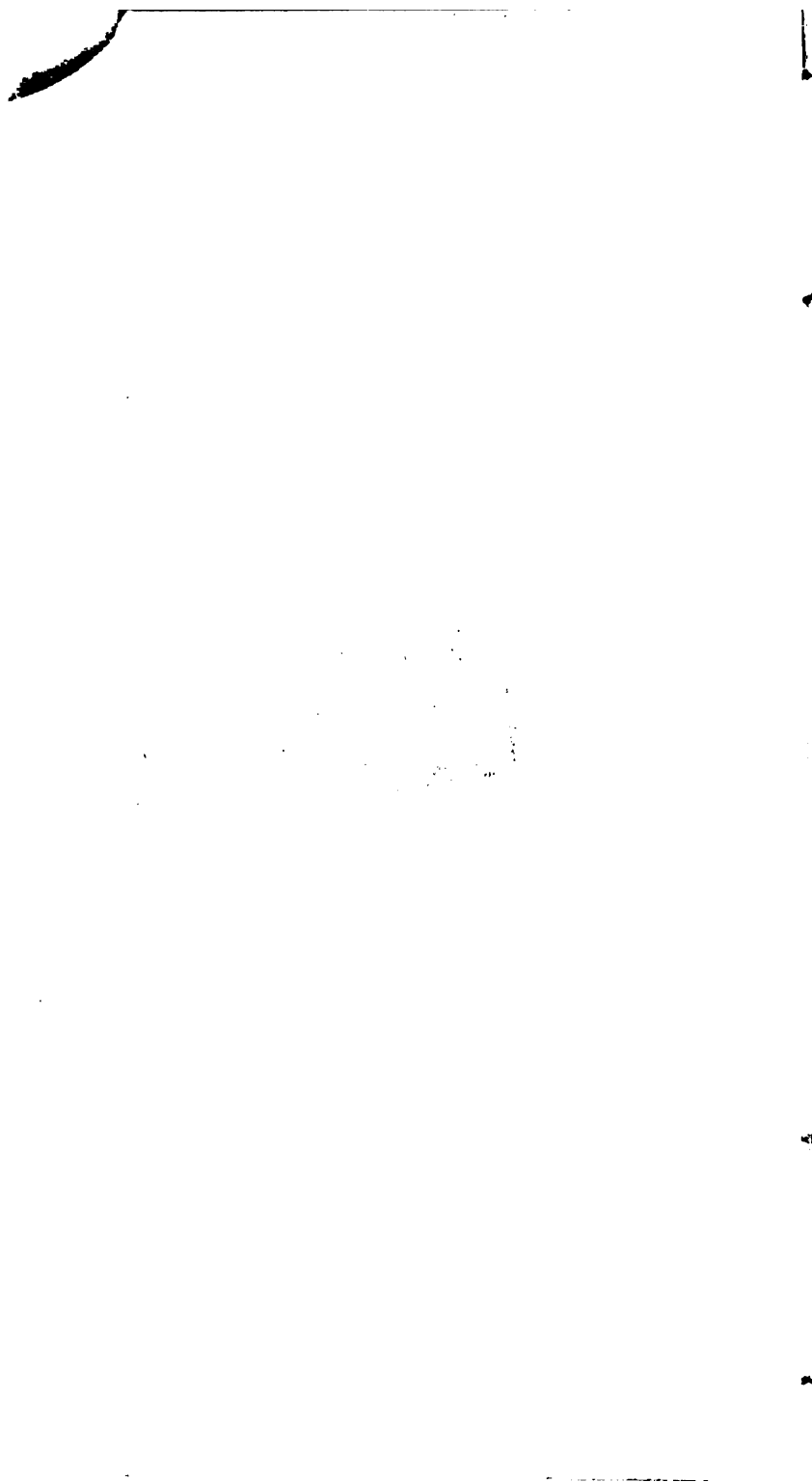


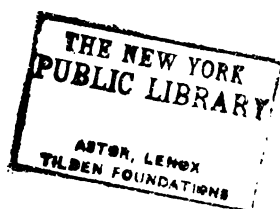
Farnsworth

NBI



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Edward Clarence Farnsworth

**EUPHRATES
AND OTHER POEMS**

To My Friend
CHARLES E. JACKSON

YOUTH they tell us is the time of singing
When fervid impulse warms the poet's heart;
Naught of frost, that distant eve is bringing,
Forbodeth then a frozen fount of art.

Noon goes by, the sun is westering ever,
Yet swells thy fountain tuneful as at dawn;
Fresh and sweet as theirs when, from the cover,
Awakened birds make matin to the morn.

Chorus they without a voice of sorrow;
No twilight mood is burdening their lay:
Hinting never some death-darkened morrow,
They joy as if unceasing shines the day.

Not for thee Castalia's crystal-flowing,
Nor Hippocrene and all the muses there;
But the West hath somewhat of bestowing,
And in her gift thou hast a rightful share.

Barren rock has nowise gushed a fountain
Save as a sign, a mercy from the Lord.
Thirsting ask we naught of Horeb's mountain;
Thy heart was smitten with the spirit's rod.

Singer, may thy fountain long be filling
Abundantly from deepest springs in thee!
Prove it from no shallow sources rilling
The surface song, the mere futility!

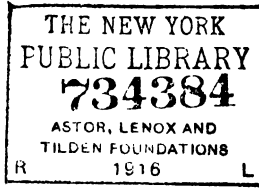
EUPHRATES
AND OTHER POEMS

f-v

BY
O.C.C.
EDWARD CLARENCE FARNSWORTH

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EUPHRATES

EUPHRATES

FAMED Euphrates, mystic river, in the morn
of time
Making green the fruitful garden on whose happy
prime
Countless nations, backward turning, gaze right
wistfully;
Tell me marvels thou hast murmured to the
ancient sea!

Tell me! else I deem that legend shaped the days
of eld
Hoary ere the lords of Egypt famed dominion
held;
Hoary ere the picture writings told the deeds of
man,
Much of good but more of evil as the ages ran.

“Peaceful was the age of gold, this land the home
of peace;
Never here the throttling wolf had dyed the
lamb’s white fleece;
Never tooth nor fang of venom, never earthly
harm,
Marred the pleasures of this valley bathed in
sunny calm.

“Brighter wings than bird could boast, and
themes for angel’s ear,
Mingled joy of harp and song, oft-times would
pass me near.

Straight behind them shone a pathway narrowing
on to where
Whitest cloud, or city white, hung motionless in air.

“Pearl of God in azure setting, sole amidst the
blue,
Ocean in his treasure keep had naught to match
its hue.
Hints of Paradise around me, Eden hints around,
Sprang from many a wayward seed light-wafted
from her bound.

“Man had converse then with angels; his the see-
ing eye
Blind in all the after times unto the vision high.
Earth throughout was unto Heaven as a pliant
string
When the hand that tuned it wakes a sweetest
trembling.

“Soon to eastward, close by Eden, flamed, the
heavenly sword,
And of cherubim the visage, and his glance
abroad.
Where no feet re-enter did the stern forbidding burn
That the mortal learn the lesson who must many
learn.

“All my current caught the glory as I fled afar
Blushing for the sin of Adam, mourning that
dread bar.
Down unto my waters weeping, mixing tears with
mine,
Came the twain from whom all peoples in Earth’s
mortal line.

"Stars that beamed in benediction, now, in chill
reproof,
Drew it seemed to distant regions from the earth
aloof;
And the moon in lessening kindness ever shrank
from sight,
Shrank from sphere to crescent thin, and then
withheld her light.

"Here began the heavy sorrow making heads to
bow;
Here began the need of labour, and the sweating
brow.
Here the sacrifice respected first was wrapped in
flame;
Here the sacrifice rejected brought the deed of
shame.

"Blood of battle, flow of carnage, oft have swelled
my tide
Since the blood of murdered Abel my green bank
beside;
Well I knew the omened future, drops to torrents
grown;
Well I knew my red pollution, and not mine alone.

"Not a far, serenest vale but Cain would enter
there;
Cain the spirit of all strife. The lion from his
lair,
Shape of terror, straight would roam, both man
and beast his prey,
And the roar of ravenous things would fill the
lonely way.

"Bartering the gold of reason, men would choose,
instead,
Brute's unreason basest thing of spirit-weighting
lead.
Judgment sore would overtake them, and the glut-
ton's end
As in brutish, wild carousal each would other rend.

"O the wrathful visitation when the fountained
deep,
Risen in one wave of ruin, clomb the mountain
steep!
Clomb the barren of the mountain to the crusted
snow,
Licked the white with greedy tongue, and thawed
the icy floe.

"I myself was lost in ocean till God stayed His
hand,
And above my stream was painted Noah's shining
band.
In a sudden burst of sun the curving wonder
spread,
Touching yon a tuft of palm, and there the hil-
lock's head.

"Not a bird to greet the promise, and at once
rejoice;
Not a footfall by my river; not a human voice;
But this country is the homeland, and the homing
heart
Turns the creature homeward yet from Earth's
remotest part.

"So it fell, and gathered peoples lived the usual
way;
Toil and leisure, pain and pleasure filled the new-
est day.
Were men wiser of the warning? Did the Deluge
teach?
Why the pride wherein they builded 'gainst its
future reach?

"Multitudes with speech confounded, speech unto
me strange,
Forded once my olden shallows, through the world
to range.
Each to his new-gotten language brought a ready
tongue
Till the profitless outpouring through my valley
rung.

"All fair Shina's habitation yet should level lie,
And her tower be made a mocking to the passer
by;
Babel, folly of the proud, for judgment should be
trod,
Humbled thing, by humble things whose look was
to the sod.

"To me blown great Nimrod's triumph swelled, a
stirring sound,
When his Nineveh was reared and roofed and
walled around,
When the old Assyrian builders digged and shaped
the clay,
Lifted tier on tier well-hardened in the tropic day.

"In her need could stony guardian spread a 'fending wing?
Graven bull or lion stay that city's chastening?
Heeding well what Jonah spake, believing much
his word
She in sackcloth and in ashes long her doom
deferred.

"When at length a maddest triumph mightily did
ring,
Knew I then that doom had found her through
Chaldæa's king,
He that did the citted Tigris with his arm reduce;
He that bent betwixt the rivers nations to his use.

"Babylon with gates a hundred saw his chariots
forth,
And behold, his mien was fearsome, for the king
was wroth.
Soon another's going saw I, soon his triumph near
While for Zion and her Temple fell the captive's
tear.

"Where the trumpet and the cymbals? Where
the psalter's voice?
Where the damsels with the timbrels? Where
the rhythmic noise
Such as timed the song of Miriam by the sea's
expanse
As the daughters of the people joined her in the
dance?

"Once when, to my bending willows, winds their
burden told,
Harps of Judah mute were hanging, harps that
joyed of old.
Every player's hands were idle for his travailing
heart
Held an unborn note of sorrow sadder than his
art.

"Saw he, through a mist of weeping, all of Israel's
sin;
Every law of Sinai broken ere they entered in,
Entered Canaan, there forgetting all that God had
wrought,
For the flesh-pots and the idols backward turned
the thought.

"To me came Sennacherib with remnant of his
host
Shamed before great David's city, shamed for all
his boast;
Ere a Jewish spear could find him, ere a Jewish
sword,
On his midnight dreaming fell the weapon of the
Lord.

"Shamed he passed to his dominion, to his city
passed;
He, the taker of fenced cities, in his own at last
Felt the pang he oft had given, felt the steely
brand
Mortal in the grasp of one of parricidal hand.

"O the end of proud Belshazzar broken in my
sight!
In his feasting hall was written 'Doom, and
Death, and Night.'
Yonder, where the marsh-reeds tremble dirges
ever drear,
Rose his drunken revelling to Heaven's offended
ear.

"Deep he drank from God's own vessels foulness
from the pure,
Even from the golden vessels. Why should he
endure?
Drainer of the wine of madness, and of every lust,
He provoked the arm that striketh even to the
dust.

"Babylon, great Babylon, of wondrous memory;
Well engirt with double wall, a strong sufficiency!
Tyrant indolent with surfeit, sinewless with ease!
Thou in turn becamest suppliant on thy bended
knees.

"Softness of thy pleasure gardens made thee weak
in war,
And thy dainty flesh a morsel for the ready maw
Of the hungry Persian lion fit to rend and slay;
Fit to grind the bones for marrow of his tooth-
some prey.

"Thou in Lebanon a cedar, thou a shadowing
shroud;
How thy trusted limbs are broken! How thy top
is bowed!

One, the terrible of nations, cleaves thy rooted
trunk;
Litter of thee fills the valley where thy pride is
sunk.

“Welcome Cyrus, timely conqueror; freedom to
the slave!
Thou hast set his face to westward; he has crossed
my wave
Singing, from his fullness singing, for his love is
true,
Singing of re-towered Salem, Zion crowned anew.

“I have seen the Macedonian claiming god-
descent.
Like a stayless god of battles through the world
he went.
To the Babylonian wall, as to his own, he came,
And its brazen portals turned at mention of his
name.

“Alexander, son of Ammon, thou to empire born,
More than thine through Grecian Philip, more
than Macedon!
Hold thyself with God-like hauteur, as a thronéd
God
Smite or spare the cringing world; let fall or stay
the rod.

“Soon a perished thing of dust they bore him
through the gate,
Funeral pomp his poor exchange for high, world-
ruling state.

Never portent marked his end as should for more
than man,
But throughout the ordered hour the normal
minutes ran.

“Near me swords of Mithridates brake with clang-
ing sound,
And the arrows of his archers fell upon the ground;
Roman shields withstood them, and his spears of
home-thrust failed,
And the arm of Roman Pompey mightily pre-
vailed.

“When my conquered valley saw the eagles of the
West
Gathered as the vultures gather, swooping on her
best,
And behold, their claws were iron and their beaks
a strength,
And their eyes devouring flame, I shuddered in my
length.

“Rome, aggressive might! I know of thine the
whence and where;
When my birth was but a legend, in the wild
wolf's lair
Gat they fierceness from her breast, the wolf in
every vein;
And the children's children onward bear the
wolfish strain.

“Guided o'er me by a glory, Jacob's promised star,
Passed the Magi to a cradle in the lands afar.

Wisdom's crown their brows displaying, they with
searching gaze
Well discerned truth's narrow footway threading
life's dim maze.

"When, in age-long retrograde, in Pisces did
appear
Yonder sun, sky-ruling King, the Avatar was near:
Sky-foretold one came to rule the heart should he
prefer;
Him they sought with princely gold and frankin-
scence and myrrh.

"High and gracious was their bearing whether
kings or no;
Highest thrones, with such upon them, lighten
human woe
Till the arm of slaughter stays, and Herods cease
from gore,
And the children's blood to Heaven crieth never-
more.

"Calling men from senseless idols, and the mock-
ing wine,
Bidding such as bend to many choose the God
Divine,
Once the Prophet reached this valley as the day
did sink,
And my stream was his refreshing and his camel's
drink.

"Here he pitched his tent at even, here, at rise of
sun,
Asked of Allah converts many 'ere the hours be
done;

Converts open to the truth, or who perforce
receive;

Pricked by conscience, or the sword, they cry 'I
do believe!'

"Rolls upon this earth a river more than mine
preferred?

Who hath known of goodly Jordan, and of me not
heard?

On Messiah there descended once the dove of God;
Here the sinless Adam walked, communing with
his Lord.

"There, on Nebo, Moses died, the Promise well
in view;

Here methinks the meek inherit Eden's garden
new

When man stays his venom'd tongue, and serpent
venom's cease,

And of strife the cause is banished, and the world
is peace.

"Often, as on moving screen, is pictured all the
past,

Scenes in truthful order crowding, earliest to last;
Oft as one in sleep I look believing things that
seem

Till the bare awaking comes to desolate my
dream.

"Gone is beauty's flowering time, and loveless is
the morn;

Fallen is the flower of Art; her faded leaves are
gone;

Grafted on a Grecian stem, and burst to shape
and hue,
Nevermore upon my mirror she her image threw.

"Gone the jewel-blaze that told a monarch's consequence;
Looted is the palace gold, the throne's magnificence;
Crumbled are the pearls that shed the giving of the moon;
Scattered are the gems that poured the bounty of the noon.

"Carven white of alabaster, and the marble stone,
Afric ivory ornate, and of the whitest bone;
Malachite and precious woods to cunning uses brought;
Iris-tinted shrines of Belus, all are come to naught.

"Gone the siren queens of beauty, and of magic song
Fit to shame thine art Delilah, weakness of the strong;
Fit to bind the Cæsar's will as if a pliant mood;
Fit to change the Roman who a siren queen withstood.

"Gone Semiramis, thy building, and, of what should be,
All thy dream fulfilled, more fair than poet's prophecy.

Shining domes, dawn-visited, and columns kindled
high,
Long have shunned the orb that flashed the morn-
ing from his eye.

"Stars, a twinkle in thy crown had quenching
sumptuous queen;
All thy loves and hates are level, and their grave
is mean.
Lain perchance in traveled ways, beneath the
beaten crust,
Favorite and foe resemble now their parent dust.

"Men reject the Magi's wisdom, scorn the sages'
best
Touched not by the surface-seeking of the hurried
West.
When the sacred planets rise to sail the upper sea,
Few can tell what fruit they bear to man's
nativity.

"Mighty angel hosts are they dispensing weal or
woe,
Meeting unto man the measure he himself did
sow.
Servants to the central Flame, they fight 'gainst
Sisera;
Granting mercy to the just they shield him from
afar.

"Gone is Bel and gone is Anu, lords of earth and
Heaven;
Unto Sin and Shamas not a sacrifice is given.

When their very gods are doomed, how shall a
people stand?
How their kings maintain succession in a stricken
land?

“Land king-coveted through ages, mocked of
Destiny;
Overthrown or overthrowing, tribute land, or free;
Dynasties unnumbered rising, then, in giant’s fall,
Making these long banks to shudder, through my
windings all.

“Gone the glory of Al Rashid; gone his Bagdad’s
prime;
Gone his scepter from my cities heaped in marshy
slime.
Gone whereon the rude barbarian vented scorn
and rage
When the Mongol hoards of Timur dyed my
annal-page

“Red before with hue of slaughter, red again with
blood
When should come the host of Selim swarming
through my flood.
Lo, the temple and the mosque give way to things
unclean,
And high altars have their humbling in morasses
green;

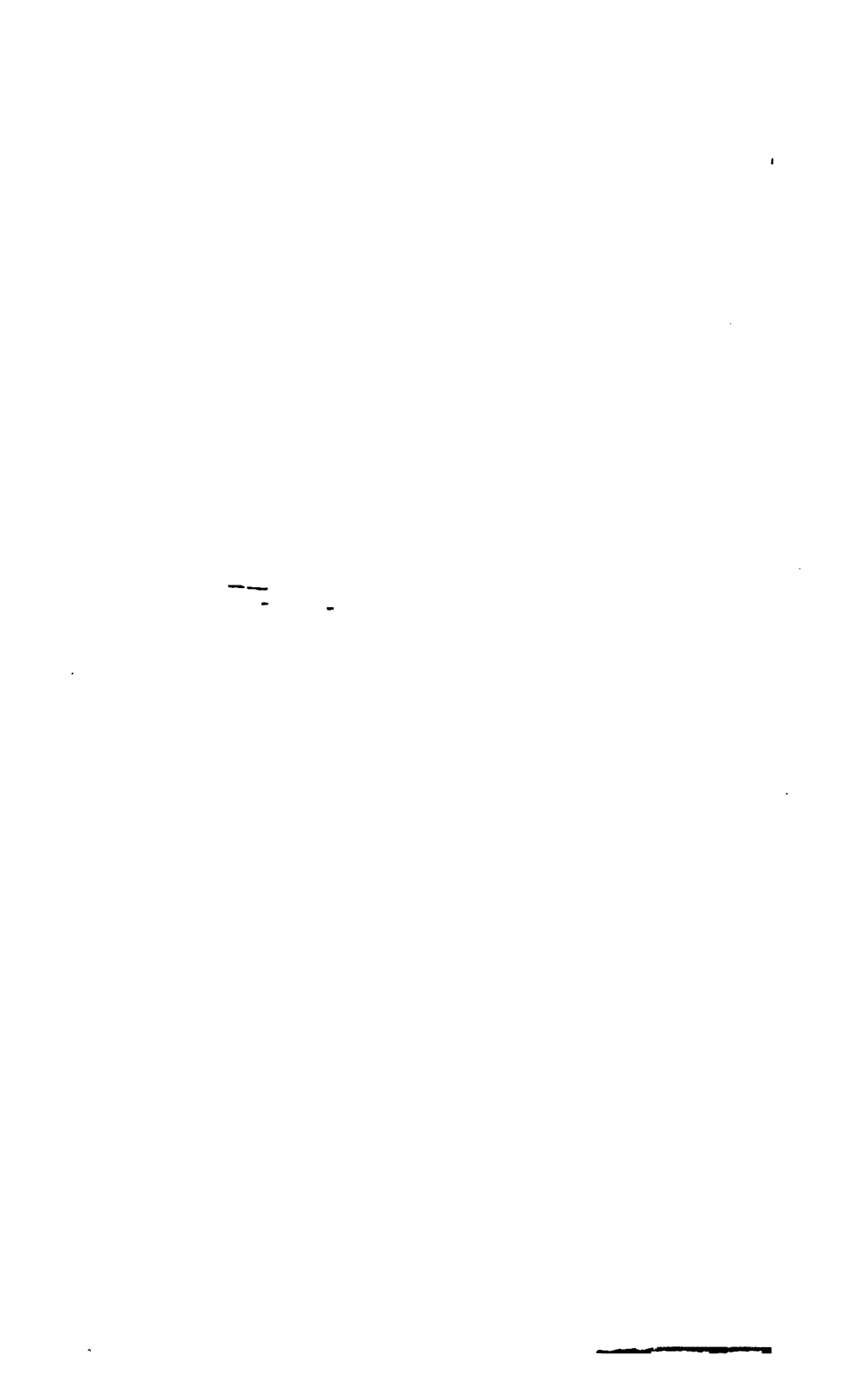
“And the browsing camel stays him by the
treacherous brink,
And the wild and timid creatures unmolested
drink

From the reedy pools where issued, for a king's
delight,
Fountains hanging in the sun their curtains
rainbow-bright.

"Desolation! Desolation by the Jew foretold!
Desolation as of Sôdom where no sheep make
fold!
Lo, the owl disturbs the midnight, and the bittern
feeds
Where the frog and lizard thrive amid the water-
weeds.

"Though the lean and hungry Bedouin roam my
ruined place,
Can the desert nomad sooth me for my vanished
race?
Empty was the gift of Ishmael, and his tribes are
naught.
Mine achieved a fame outlasting all their hands
have wrought.

"As for me whose hill-sprung fountains once
toward Eden rilled,
I shall see the days of Daniel every whit fulfilled.
Michael in that time of trouble on the view shall
loom,
And my countless generations wake to joy or
doom."



THE SOLDIER

FROM war thou returnest good Soldier, from
war where thy valor hath won;
The grime of the fight is upon thee, thou bronzed
of the tropical sun.
Sweet peace, thy reward, is accomplished; soft
peace, thy desert, is attained;
Already our fairest have chosen, the favor of
beauty is gained.

Come, stay in thy footsteps and rest thee! aye,
rest thee in love's blandishment!
Have her voice and caress not a magic that
bringeth the calm of content?
O rest in acclaim of thy doing, and in pride of
remembrance live!
O pleasure thy future with riches, with the wealth
that ungrudging we give!

"Never so, for when evils encompassed, and battle
for battle was due,
All stronger the heart that controlled me as need
of such heart ever grew;
And firmer this arm in its sinews from close-
foughten fight, man to man;
And keener these eyes that did question the verve
of the on-charging van.

"And when came the sudden, dread impact of foes
on our fixed bayonet steel,
These feet as in mortar were fast, and this frame,
as of rock, did not reel.

My ceasing from warfare unmakes me; like an
arrow afar from the string
I fall perhaps humbled and helpless as a bird of
incapable wing.

“The task of the soldier neglected, my name is a
thing of unworth;
From a star to a stone its transforming; my fame
is bedarkened of earth.
My name is a meteor fallen, my fame is a meteor’s
glow
Ground-quenched; in the dust is their dying. My
name and my fame; must they so?

“God guideth the suns unto clashing when cold
and inert is their fire;
He causeth to flame their reviving; He granteth
them will to aspire;
Then, rulers and kings of His crowning, they
clamber the infinite steep;
Their journey no tempter shall stay, and their
eyes shall not darken in sleep.

“But who shall rekindle the soldier if now, in my
worthiest time,
I pause in the orbit of duty, I pale at the summit
of prime?
And who would permit the recrowning of one that
his right throws away?
Who grant to him will that surrenders of man
the true center and stay?

"My foes were my friends all unwitting; inertia,
the bane of the world,
Is hid in the peace that you proffer, the calm
where high standards are furled.
No battle hymn mighty to stir me, no flag o'er my
roused heart to wave,
But the peace of the slave my possession, I dally
and creep as the slave

"Where Faith careth not for true sight with the
huge, earthy round in her eyes;
Where Hope ever lacketh an urge, since the touch
of the sod satisfies;
Where Love hath no sigh in her bosom for glories
star-holden afar,
Glories glimpsed in a dream of perfection which
things of the waking would mar.

"Not bringing true peace, but a sword, aye, a
sword to man's heart-breaking need,
Did come my great Captain: thus only true peace
can be gotten indeed;
The peace of proud Ocean uprisen that, meeting
the outrushing tide,
Subdues it and makes it an ally, a wave of his
incoming wide.

"The peace of the planet that winneth a lone,
wandering moon from the dark;
In anger it steered straight upon her who now is
the helm of its bark.
The sword of the will gave my Captain 'gainst
parry and thrust as of steel;
It stays and it shatters the blade in the down-
cleaving stroke it would deal.

“What onset, what clash, and what discord are
paining the world with their din!
Forever some issue contested, but when through
real concord we win,
’Tis a note in a song of our sphere yet to charm
all the night’s starry view;
A word of a poem in the writing begun when
earth’s morning was new;

“’Tis a line or a tint of a picture which large on
the canvas doth grow,
A lineament grand of a goddess awaiting the
chiseler’s blow.
The doubters and dullards are shrilling their voices
in bitter complain;
For lack of the light they are wailing, ‘Will sun-
shine be never again?’

“Yet o’er the ground-haze that so blinds them,
the noon in high majesty burns,
And God and all angels are speeding the time
when the close battle turns.
The onset, the clash, and the discord, the pain,
the insufferable din,
These are of to-day, but remember: to-morrow,
to-morrow we win!

“A soldier, I live in that eve when from warring
I turned to my rest,
And the beings that brightened my dreaming, me-
seemed were earth’s mightiest, best:
No cohort of Rome could withstand them, no
phalanx of Macedon’s pride,
No guard by the Corsican chosen to dare at the
Emperor’s side.

"Far more than of men was that army, so godly
their bearing, so dread;
To all of the soldier a pattern, they trod with the
conqueror's tread.
And lo, the debased, the malign; all the blackened
of sin had their stand;
Every foot was the hoof of a beast, and the claw
was in place of a hand.

"What venom they spat from the mouth! and the
voice was the hiss of a snake;
The eye had the gleam of the lair, and the teeth
were to seize and to break.
But the eye was their sorry deceiver who saw
themselves goodly and strong;
A trumpet they heard in their hissing, the shout
of a great battle song:

"And the mouth by its venom was poisoned; by
the teeth were they maimed unaware;
Every hoof was down-beating a friend, and the
claw its own body did tear.
Before that unmasking of evil I saw it with loathing
and pain
As if mire on the robe of an angel, or on his bright
forehead a stain.

"Meseemed with the future's clear vision I gazed
on the infinite Plan,
And where was the victim of evil whom God did
eternally ban?
I saw, in the vastness above me, the stars that
'gainst Sisera fought;
The Pleiads' sweet influence I knew, and that
ever they bring as they brought.

"The moth that misguided must perish, his good
having seen in the fire,
Obeyeth but blindly a will that from more than
the stars lifts thee higher;
The mother beast, fierce for her sucklings, though
timid by nature and weak,
Revealeth the dross of a love that shall turn to
the smiter thy cheek.

"I saw the beginning of evil; in deep-down abysms
of life
The 'thine,' and the 'mine,' there begotten,
engendered primordial strife.
Then grossness of flesh seemed not vileness, nor
yet did its clamorous call,
And evil as good had its warrant, the law of the
beast was for all.

"Even this in the twilight of morning, ere man
was yet man, had its place;
Evil grown with his growing was goodly, for
always he read but its face.
The good of the beast far behind thee, turn not;
'tis an evil to shun!
The good of to-morrow grows evil in rise towards
the all-perfect One.

"I saw the fierce feuds of the savage who hated
all good save his own;
I saw the rude strife of the tribesmen whose
weapons were barbed with the stone;
For those in their own likeness fashioned, they
pointed the arrow and spear
Fit to pierce the tough hide of the mammoth, or
fell in his fleeing the deer.

"Little thought they of nakedness covered; in
hunger they turned not for food;
The human as quarry was better than best of the
forest-born brood.

The uplands at war with the valley, the clan-calls
were wild on the height;
And then, as from tread of behemoth, earth shook
with the shock of their might

"As army did hurl upon army to slay with a
patriot rage,
For slaughter was duty and honor; the good of a
barbarous age.

I saw the world-conqueror's glory; every man was
his puppet, his pawn;
I saw him all blood-stained and gory whose rising
had vied with the dawn.

"That blood was from heart of a brother; that
stain 'neath his robe must he wear;
The scepter, the raiment, the splendor! withal was
he empty and bare.

A soldier I turned from the horror: my good, now
in nowise the same,
Had shrunk to evil that never my heart-willing
service should claim.

"Then I saw in the garden my Captain; the
deed of the sword I beheld,
But in his rebuke was a summons, so I to his
cause was impelled.

My comrades as many as hear not the low, mighty
word unto me,
Have yet for the sword-arm a duty while evil
shows harsh enmity.

"Then seeing that man shall have sight, and that
evil hath glamor and glow
For a purpose we daily discover, and men coming
after shall know,
And aware that it lives but by thieving, that the
best of a man is its theft,
That measured by men and discarded, 'twill cease,
of its living bereft,

"My heart was aglow as the tinder, the torch at
the touch of the flame;
So I cried, 'Make me fit for thy fighting, O Cap-
tain of glorious fame!
Give me place, while the world has a bondage, to
breast and to bear in thy sight!
Give me place till the day has no shadow, and
noon dawneth never to night!'

"Since my war is for man in the making, his
growth to Love, Wisdom and Will;
The growth of the mind to the matrix the soul
shall eternally fill;
Speak not of your peace to the soldier; that peace,
if the loud tocsin swell,
Shall find me already a sluggard whom peace hath
disarmed with her spell."

MAY

MAY, impatient for her decking,
Searched the early wood;
'Neath the sere, autumnal droppings
Searched in hopeful mood.

Where the withered cones lay scattered,
And the needled pine,
Saw she of the April budding
But a tender sign.

In the sunny opens found she
Of the spring a hint;
Found but this, the maple branches
Wore a reddish tint.

Not as yet the slopes of hillocks,
Not a breezy crest,
Not a nook, or sheltered hiding,
Did the spring invest.

Ferns on mossy cliffs were waving,
Sprung from every chink,
But no sweet and dainty promise
Trembled on the brink.

By the brooklet's mimic torrent,
And its gradual fall,
Rich and loamy soils betokened
Grasses green and tall:

Yet no earth-bound flower to freedom
Reared its face of white
As, adown the valley vista,
Passed the May from sight.

THE CHOICE

LIKE some venturous bird I soar,
Free on Fancy's wings my flight
Till from heaven I explore
All the circle of my sight.

Lo, the mountain risen sheer,
Pathless ice and snows untrod,
Lone, forbidding, seemeth near
As once seemed the valley sod.

Poised above the torrent's roar,
Naught of mortal fear I show;
Sailing to a reefy shore,
What of shipwreck do I know?

Diving to the whirlpool's curve,
There on trusty pens I skim,
Or, with never-failing verve,
Sink I to the crater's rim.

Now I sweep the roofing green
Where, in virgin solitude,
No despoiling ax and keen
Finds the vitals of the wood.

Nature rears to me no bar;
Man builds naught whereat I stay;
Buoyant as a soaring car,
Straight I keep my chosen way.

Circling, mounting, poised in air,
Darting, diving, as I choose,
What to me is sordid care?
What of joy should I refuse?

How I scorn the wingless, all
Narrowed to their only place,
Doomed below to creep and crawl
While I roam the roomy space!

Stay! Such joys I will not prize;
Fixed on earth, as once before,
Let me look with upward eyes!
Asking this I crave no more.

Let me seek the skyey goal,
Heights that never bird desires,
Regions of the homing soul,
Realms whereto the heart aspires.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

A GOD-ENKINDLED passion in me burns
So that, unworldly, I the world desire:
For just possession all my being yearns;
My zeal consumes me with a growing fire.

The use of godless arms I wholly shun,
The ways of warring kings abjure. More mild
The means whereby my godly cause is won
Who am no king, but little, lowly child

Of One who maketh and unmaketh kings.
Because of Him, sweet poverty I choose;
Because He turned not from the meanest things,
Christ grant the meanest mightily I use!

His high humility confounds the high;
It looms majestic o'er Pride's petty state;
It passeth not the hut and hovel by
To enter early at the palace gate.

Where He the homeless laid His weary head,
Might barefoot kings, uncovered, lowly bend.
The hands that labored once for daily bread
Are 'neath the nations even to the end.

Those piercéd hands! O that these two might feel,
Likewise my feet, the nails, and show each sign
Of holiest similitude! I kneel,
Yea, ceasing not I kneel that this be mine.

Make me to know the pang of wounding spear
As thou hast known, Lord Jesus crucified!
O may in me thy Passion Love appear,
My soul exalting when the flesh is tried!

O may unto my saddened sight be given
My Ransom on the sacred hill of pain
What time the Spirit's veil by death was riven
Whereat the Temple veil was rent in twain!

O grant the brethren of my Table Round
A knighthood 'neath thy secret-searching Eye!
A purest knighthood! Grant that grace abound
To crush the carnal till in them it die!

Thy people now are they, thy little flock,
The brothers Minor bringing Gospel peace.
Thy poorest they, of whom the proud make mock,
The workers for thy kingdom's rich increase.

Chaste poverty, and toil, by Jesus blessed,
And prayers and meditations manifold,
And meek obedience are my order's test,
Deliverance from the godlessness of gold:

Deliverance from the striving world and vain;
The world I urge to deeds and vision new;
The world that getteth vanity for gain;
The world God wills I leaven with my few:

The teeming world I love for those therein,
Thine image, Father! and for brothers less,
Fashioned by Love, by loveless men, O sin!
Destroyed in sport, or utter wantonness.

Our brother Sun, God-missioned to the dark
As thou, O Christ! to sin's dread, doomful night;
Our sister Moon, and each abysm spark
Wherefrom Love burns, a love-enkindling sight,

To ye my heart, as unto every cloud
That drops the rain, or mitigates the noon.
Our brother Wind, that 'neath the grateful shroud,
From some white upland comes, a timely boon;

Because God's creature, thou inspirest love
As thou, our brother Fire, image of Flame
Transcendent, wondrous, Light of God above
Whose saints and angels magnify His Name.

Our sister Water whom I love; behold,
My spotless Lord in Jordan was thy praise.
Earth, fruitful mother ere sad Eve of old,
Mother of mothers, love to thee always.

Our sister merciful that lighteneth
The spirit hindered by the body's weight;
In contemplative love I hold thee, Death,
Till, Heaven-empowered, thou comest soon, or
late.

When Mercy bids thee, find me humble still,
Servant of servants in all loving way;
Obedient more that with more pliant will
I do our Lady Poverty obey.

Our Lady that alloweth to our need
Hosen and shoon, the habit and the cord;
Our Lady making that our souls do feed
On alms well-asken in Thy name, O Lord!

Our Lady Poverty! Beneath her feet
Temptations lie; her hands are diligent;
Her mouth with angels hath its converse sweet,
And much her eyes approve the innocent.

Our Lady Poverty, the Mother's choice,
For God's hand-maiden would so humble be;
And therefore, Lady, do our hearts rejoice
In growing likeness to the heart of thee.

Our Lady Poverty! Is she not fair
With beauty such as lighted Mary's face
When all Madonna-like her gazing where
The new-born lay in Bethlehem's manger place?

Our Lady Poverty! Hath she not peace?
Aye, passing peace hath she. The world's alarm,
Harsh to the ear, within her heart doth cease,
And on her brow is left a saintly calm.

Our Lady Poverty! Is she not true,
Albeit many ladies fickle prove?
Her faithful never their devotion rue
Since our beloved makes not light of love.

Our Lady Poverty! Is she not wise?
In lofty seeking do her own persist
For she revealeth to their wistful eyes,
The city of the rapt Evangelist.

Our Lady Poverty! Her gifts are pure
And of the King. To pride she prompteth not;
Her treasures incorruptible endure
When wrath and judgment on this world are
wrought.

THE MUSICIAN'S MEMORIAL

BARDS of old and all dead singers
Well might deem thee of their line.
Thou couldst blend thy harp's outgiving
Even with the Song Divine.

Proven by an angel's fingers
Ere entrusted to thy keep
Seemed that harp, a thousand-stranded,
As its breadth thy hands did sweep.

O Musician many-mooded!
Noblest themes inspiring thee,
Ears would catch and hearts would cherish
Their compelling harmony.

Joy or sadness, grief or rapture,
Seemed thy will for thou wast king,
Sovereign of our natures pliant
As thy harp's obedient string.

When thy Muse in realms of fancy
Wrought what e'en a touch might harm,
Feared we not of thee a sudden,
Ruder hand to break the charm.

When was stirred to mighty concord
Art's broad basis reaching down,
Thunder-shaken was her roof-tree,
And her temple's domy crown.

Radiance robed the doors and pillars,
Unconsuming flames curled high;
Garlands they, their varied colors
Borrowed from some hidden sky.

Notes almost a woodland greeting
To the rose of earliest dawn;
Limpid notes in measures winding
Like the brooklet on and on;

Notes indeed a silvery echo,
From the misty stars a breath,
Fainter, fainter in their falling
To a silence as of death;

Magic notes at once unlocking
Secrets of the midnight sleep,
Visions of supernal beauty
Sacred in dream's central keep;

Notes that leaped as leaps the torrent
Hurling from the mountain sheer
While the tumult of its falling
Works a concord in the ear;

Notes that seemed the moon a-tremble
On the ruffled sea's expanse;
Nimblest notes and blithesome ever
In the measures of the dance;

Notes deep-throated as the tempest
On the water's vasty breast;
Notes that feigned, in merest whisper,
Ocean sunken to his rest;

Notes of war and soldier valor,
And, withal, the drum's fierce beat
To the tramp or charge of armies
Scorners of the word — "retreat!"

Notes of Earth's millennial season
When, from out her chosen skies,
Beams a pure and peaceful planet
In the sight of angel eyes:

These were thine, as, unto flaming,
In thy soul was fanned a fire
Filling well its mortal dwelling
Till the immortal drew thee higher.

Then, the lowly dust outgrowing,
Giving to Earth thy mortal frame,
Surely more to us thou gavest;
Cherish we thy goodly fame.

O'er thy rest our love shall flourish
Greener, taller, year by year
Till the fadeless, upturned branches
To the source of Love draw near.

AMERICA

AMERICA, thou favored land!
When Nature purposed for the free,
On either hand a wall should stand
Against the menace of the sea.

On every shore a defending wall
Thy brave are fixed, their breasts in line.
Slaves backward fall, but freemen all
Advance with freedom's countersign.

The mountain eagle hath her nest;
Upon the crag she guards her brood;
Where none molest let thine attest
A wise and watchful motherhood.

Thy soil the branching rivers vein,
Thy towns supplant the wilderness;
The wealth of plain and lofty chain,
Vast millions in thy name possess.

Thou dost the peaceful heavens invoke,
And yet the sword is on the thigh;
Would fools provoke its deadly stroke?
Then by the sword they surely die.

Thy deeds affirm love's mild intent,
But sternest doing in thee bides;
If wrath have vent, thy skies are rent,
And torrents grow to whelming tides.

Proclaimer of the just decree
Should Nations seek thy judgment hall;
On land or sea flags strike to thee
When rings afar thy banner call.

**America, thou parent one!
When Nature chose the worthy free,
Preferring none; thine every son
She turned from thrones and monarchy.**

**Ours to maintain the trust blood-bought!
Peace, Freedom, Law, let these inspire!
Attune our thought to men who wrought
With shaping minds and hearts a-fire!**

THE BLOSSOM

WAKENED spring and earliest bird
Chose betimes this valley scene.
Here the piney branches stirred,
Wave on either wall their green;

And the flowering banks are wed
Always to the turning stream
Till, in vista far, a thread
Silvers in the morning beam.

Tell me blossom, tell me true!
When December blasts were loud,
And the heavens refused their blue,
And the earth was wrapped in shroud,

With some strange fore-knowledge blest,
Or some instinct dim to me,
Sawest thou thy beauty drest
Even as to-day I see?

Sawest leaden skies relent
Into April and her tears,
And the May, with sweet intent,
Wafting hints of former years?

Sawest that in branches old,
Builted nests again would be,
Linking dead loves manifold
With the living tenderly?

Sawest that new songs would pour
Yesterday from younger throats;
All that sunken winds upbore
Present in the latter notes?

Sawest that the chainéd brook,
Spring-released, would wayward glide,
Slighting not a valley nook,
Bearing memories on its tide?

Sawest in the deepening night
Stars appear as if new-born,
Orbs in changeless clusters bright
That on Eden's bridal shone?

Sawest from thine earthy bed,
Walled with frost and sealed with snow,
Yonder sun of seasons fled
Claiming thee from things below

Even as a purer fire,
Searching as of old the heart,
Draweth man from earth-desire,
Bettered in his every part?

WAR AND PEACE

1915

DARK is the day of our world-tribulation;
Armies and navies have gathered from far.
Ever the greeting of nation to nation
Grows in the rattle and thunder of war.

Keen-kissing lead is man's touch of affection;
Shrieking of shrapnel his message of love;
Rose of the night cloud his bivouac's reflection;
Stealthiest airship his peace-bringing dove.

Waked are the mighty men; nowise they tarry,
Stern is their war song resounding and clear;
Plowshares and pruninghooks boldly they carry,
Beaten to shape of the sword and the spear.

Brave facing brave the matched struggle presages;
Forward! Retreat! are the alternate shouts.
Redder than furnace a swift torrent rages,
Volleyed from rifles and rolled from redoubts.

Uprisen hell at the surface appearing;
Malice of fiends and their murderous arts;
Infernal missiles in fiery careering;
Poisons that stifle, and venomous darts.

Glaring of eyes in the thick of the battle;
Steel striking steel till the bitter stroke come;
Bayonet and butt and the end as of cattle
Trampled and gored by the reasonless dumb.

Brute tooth and claw were a gentle possession;
Brow of the brute were a merciful gift
Lessening the shame of man's bloody transgression
Gathering weight that no mortal can lift.

Where are the triumphs of genius and labor;
Works that compelled the glad World's rap-
tured eye;
Beauties to bind the race neighbor to neighbor?
Broken and burning thy flame to the sky.

On that dread pyre are the centuries lying,
All the slow brightening since Europe's dark
night.
Leave them not so till the embers are dying!
Snatch them and quench them, O Lord, in thy
might!

Hastens the time of an emperor's uncrowning?
Dawneth the day that deposeth a king?
Were not a prophet of fate and its frowning
Better than doubtings that gather and cling?

Prowess of God the old matrix is breaking;
Continents shake to their nethermost stays.
What is the world pattern now in the making?
Who shall possess to the ocean highways?

Who hath God's ear now the wise ones have
shouted
Each to the Throne his opinion of right?
What is their portion who Justice have flouted,
Falsing the truth till it bears not the light?

Peace! Do we hear it? A coward is crying.
Peace! Yet again; now a saint supplicates.
Peace! Heaven grants it; the meed of the dying,
Always a soldier till death on him waits.

Peace! For the living 'tis that of the seaman
Whelmed with his shot-riddled pride of the
wave.

Peace! 'Tis for one who beholds the war-demon
Shattering his roof-tree and marking his grave.

Never the nation with annals unspotted;
Nowhere the country whose pages are clean.
Judgment is sure, though its times be allotted;
Seasons of payment with waitings between.

Wailed the poor Jew midst the wreck of his city,
"War waxing ever, Peace reels to her fall!"
So cried the Roman, when, empty of pity,
Rushed the rude Goth through the compassing
wall.

Withered, deflowered when a Corsican terror
Ravaged for glory, for greed and the throne,
Lol from the ashes, the blood and the error,
Peace, the deep-rooted, re-bloomed for her own.

Tranquil the stars, but consider their story —
Chaos, then calm when the æons had run.
Are we not sparks of the infinite Glory,
Destined as these when our warrings are done?

Cave-cradled man! the brute beast, once thy
teacher,
Turned thee to doings that still are thy shame;
But in thy heart the hot rage of the creature
Ever is changing to love's purer flame.

Courage ye doubters! The nations, grown wiser,
Soon to the end of their foolishness come.
Peace shall have homage; the people shall prize
her
Championed of Reason though kings are but
dumb.

Then shall be dropping new wine from the moun-
tain;
Milk from the hills shall abundantly flow;
Forth from the temple shall sparkle a fountain
Murmuring "Peace!" to the valley below.

In the rich swales are the herds without number;
On the green uplands, that lean to the south,
Pasture the flocks where at night they shall
slumber
Safe from the claw and the ravening mouth.

Gently the shepherd pipe utters its pleading
Tuned unto love and all innocent joy;
Never the drum and the trumpet are leading
Brothers turned haters with heart to destroy.

Never the sun in his wheeling discovers
One isle of ocean outvying our calm;
Never the bird midst her wandering hovers
Held by a prospect more void of alarm.

Spring to the sower in no way is fickle;
Summer doth find in his wheat not a tare;
Autumn shall give to his in-thrusted sickle
Acres of gold that his household may share.

Ever the granaries teem unto bursting;
Ever for fruitage the vineyards are drest;
Unfailing rivers shall quench the noon thirsting,
And in the hush of the even is rest.

O let us rise from our human gainsaying!
Earth's later peace every discord shall blend.
Justice comes not to our scales for her weighing;
Judgment but furthers some fortunate end.

THE LOST LANGUAGE

WHEN Adam in the Garden walked
Ere words could wound, or speech
had sting,
In Love's first tongue with God he talked,
And every creature owned him king.

No rage was in the lion's heart,
No blood of prey dyed tooth and claw;
Man showed to man his better part,
Nor in his kind a Cain foresaw.

Gone is that primal tongue of power,
Love-language of Edenic days.
'Tis drowned in discord of the hour,
Or lost in windings of life's maze.

And yet in minstrelsy of bird
A tone from some hid source will swell,
And lo! an answering deep is stirred;
But why, the heart alone can tell.

When music gains sublimest reach,
Her inmost utterance, love-divined,
Hath somewhat of that primal speech
Which moved far more than human kind.

'Tis in that verse whose epic roll
The Greek and Roman bards awoke.
'Tis in some lyric of the soul
Whose harp-strains lightest hands evoke.

A word is in the gentle south
When spent is every ruder blast;
'Tis in the spring's melodious mouth
When soars the joy of winter past.

'Tis in the wind that strengtheneth
The homing sailor's hopes that rise;
The wind that wafts him with its breath
'Till he his hopes doth visualize.

'Tis in the dancing upland rills
That know not yet the dizzy verge
Where all their shattered silver spills,
In turbid valley floods to merge.

'Tis in the cooing of the dove
Mothering her young with breast and wing,
And when with earlier, mating love
She builds her nest, a happy thing.

Upon the infant's babbling tongue
An ancient vowel makes appeal;
Earth harkened when her brood was young,
And human mothers yet do feel.

When wisdom shall perfect that praise
Which sucklings lisp, not knowing why,
Then earth attains her crowning days,
And man with heaven holds converse high.

THE CREATIVE WORD

THE hidden Flame, made manifest,
That kindled Chaos and the dark,
The Word whose glory worlds attest,
Bequeaths to man a living spark.

A spark to every thing is given;
Within the lowly dull its hue,
A smouldering fire till breath of heaven
Has blown it into brightness new.

The Word is power within the pure;
The spirit self, it lifts the self
Of soul redeemed that it endure
As gold transformed from earthly pelf.

To things that breathe the Word is breath;
To man it is the heavenly bread:
Who eats in faith shall taste not death,
But life wherewith all life is fed.

The Word wreaths halo round his brow
Whose feet are swift in duty's way.
He gives his best of service now,
Nor waits a more convenient day.

Who knows the Word, through good and ill
Is never serving as for hire:
Refraining from his human will,
He wields with might the sacred fire.

Ere one may syllable the Word,
He must mankind's good helper prove
That, when his tongue can be a sword,
His voice is all-attuned to love.

The key-note of the choiring sky
Art thou, O Word! as pæans ring
From stars that wheel forever high
In mighty spiral round their king.

Thou soundest deep within the heart
A tone unsorrowful and free;
Unto thine eye all veils do part,
And lo, the joys that are to be!

O Root of numbers! Type of form!
Great Alpha of our human speech!
O Source of wisdom's book wherefrom
Inspired sages came to teach!

O whitest Glory! Crystal Sphere!
As in the highest, so on earth
Let all thy seven-fold light appear!
The crown of man's immortal birth.

THE MUSICIAN

NO pleasure have I in their methods crude
Who strain and wrench our Art's elastic
bound.

Soon bursting through, with heavy hand and rude
And strangely wayward talent, these confound
Those not enamoured of discordant sound.

And this is music, this poor make-believe;
This dissonance in harsher climax drowned.
Would not the hapless, deep in Hades, grieve
If thrust upon them that which we in Music's
name receive?

O ye who in the full-orbed sun of Bach
Melodiously have striven as for prize;
Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, and thou lark
Sweet Schubert rapturing the upper skies!
And Handel flying as the eagle flies,
Yet not untuneful as that bird of wing,
And ye whose later measures harmonize
With Art's most free yet sane interpreting,
High-themed as his upon whose brow Wag-
nerian laurels cling!

The harsh and bitter of the world unsolved,
Ye passed beyond your rounded earthly days:
Where all of mortal discord is resolved,
Ye lift the pæan of euphonious praise.
Should we to worth unfit memorial raise,
Cacophony, extravaganza wild,
Æsthetic folly, or the passing craze,
Or feeble doing of the mental child,
Or soulless work of those on whom the Muse
has never smiled?

THE PAINTER

GAZING, 'tis but appearance that I see;
Nature disguises, 'neath the outward hides;
Yet, striving for her hidden verity

Wherewith my one ideal coincides,

I hear, as if the canvas harsh derides,

“Why grasp for that thou canst not ever
gain?”

Instant my soul the doubting critic chides

And whispers me, “Hope on, thou shalt
attain,

Making to many eyes the heart of Nature
plain;

“That heart for which mere copiers never look,

Those heartless who of hearts have never heard;

Those slaves unto the letter of Art's book,

Dull literalists who miss the spirit word

Whereby the painter is within thee stirred.

Be emulous of but the striving great

On whom Heaven's highest favors are conferred:

Win thou the world's large, lasting estimate!

Achieve an art sincere, though fashions vacil-
late!”

THE GEOLOGIST

SEARCHING the pages of Earth's record book,
That witness of her immemorial years,
In strata and in leaves of stone I look
And lo, the secret of the world appears,
Peradventure known to sages and to seers
Who yet in symbols taught mankind's young day,
In parables as fitting childish ears.
Truth unembellished had been idle say,
For men, were they not children in that far away?

Six thousand years since Adam walked with God!
A hundred times six thousand were too few;
And green as Eden was an earlier sod,
Flood-buried ere the Noahic waters grew,
Flame-seared ere Sodom from the heavens drew
Her fate of fire. From hollow or from plain
'Twas later raised a bleak and wintry view,
The crown of some far, looming mountain chain
That torrents yet shall level, and the wearing rain.

Thus I translate what busy Nature wrought,
Revealed in glyphics of her Bible old,
Voluminous ere man-writ Bibles taught
Both drossy fable and the truth of gold.
Ah! what strange chapters shall Earth's book unfold
To after seekers of her buried lore
When heaving waters claim the space I hold,
And Ocean's bed becomes a fertile shore,
And to his secret caves the eager sunbeams pour?

THE ASTRONOMER

TO lift my vision from this narrow place,
To look with more than guess, or fancy's
eye,
To know, denied those elders of my race
The shepherd mappers of the Chaldæan sky;
To time the motion of the suns that fly,
To weigh them, trace their paths, divine their
goal,
To learn their compound and the bounds descry
Impassable to their stupendous whole;
Such is my chosen task and my ambition sole!

Far worlds and fair! 'twas God conceived your
maze;
His fingers knit your web of golden light
More intricate the deeper do I gaze
To solve the secrets of abyssmal night.
Even now what wonders crowd upon my sight!
The youthful orbs and those of kingly prime;
The old, a dimming luster past its height,
And some unformed that, on the wheel of
time,
Shall mount the skies and with their loftiest
purpose chime.

Often I ask, Must they be strange forever
Those beings who perhaps outstrip our kind,
The star-born whom from us the light-years sever?
Shall space not yield to man's achieving mind,
And near and far his high invention bind?
Shall eyes and ears in unimagined reach

**Gain that whereto they else were dumb and
blind?**

**Shall wiser worlds the poor, dull human teach
To force in Wisdom's wall an ever-widening
breach?**

THE DREAMER

YE shades that woo me from life's busy whirl!
In your retreat the noisy crowd seems far;
I thread the hollows where the brooklets purl
'Neath trees that to the world are leafy bar.
Here nature's concords, notes without a jar,
Compel the ear, though never they command;
No harsh intruder cometh; none shall mar
This calm serenity with wanton hand
Ready to bring that reign of fear which Mercy
has not planned.

What woodland creature doth my pathway shun?
What bird, that nests within this branching
green,
Forgets the confidence I early won,
And, shrinking, shields him in the bowery
screen?
The squirrel curious, yet of timid mien,
With cautious movements nearer, nearer
drew,
Mistrust departing from his glances keen
Till soon I seemed the friend he always knew,
Above him as is over man one whom by faith
we view.

As like to Eden's heir of old I walk,
More than the visible is round me here.
Perhaps to fancy's airy things I talk
That people this dim wood and lend me ear.
The fairies of the fern and flower are near,
The dryad dwellers in the hollow trees;
Almost the naiads of the brooks appear

With wavy locks just troubled by the breeze.
O that their silver chime of song my straining
sense could seize!

When Adam held dominion o'er the brute,
'Twas love that lifted high his sceptre just
Which, lowered by his every base off-shoot,
Lies broken now and buried in the dust,
A shattered brightness coated deep with rust.
Ah, could we Love's far, golden age restore,
Displacing selfishness and all blood lust!
Then would a sovereignty like that of yore
Compassion every creature born, however
mean and poor.

THE PHILOSOPHER

CONNING the schools, exploring, testing deep,
I chose whereon to rear my scheme of things;

A stately pile, a shelter and a keep
Where Faith could rest her once unguided wings,
And quite forget her fruitless wanderings.

And now should draw not nigh my guarded door

That shape of gloom who far his shadow flings;
Grim Doubt, whom I deep in my heart abhor,
Should wake no footfall echo on my palace floor.

Great Kant and Hegel and ye towering few
Clear outlined on the Grecian skies of old,
Egyptian Hermes and the rapt Hindoo,
And ye that grub in dull and earthy mold
As though such delving wins the heavenly gold;
'Gainst Doubt appear! I summon all your aid!
Relieve me of the phantom dread and cold!
What! by your mightiest was he not laid
Who now defies my portal strong, with fore-
sight stayed?

THE SCULPTOR

THE ugly and the mean are but the shell;
Perfection dwelleth ever at the core,
Too deep, too deep for eyes that see not well,
The eyes of those unable to explore,
Their minds' dull eyes not fit to pierce and soar,
But, on the level of mere commonplace,
To reach at best the neither rich nor poor,
The almost outward of a winsome grace
Which often I divine as Beauty's form and
face:

Then, as the artist in me prompts the hand,
I can perhaps in petty way reveal
Some minor doing of that Sculptor grand
Who wrought from Chaos, on the whole set seal,
And spake his judgment, beyond all appeal,
That very good the finished worlds might last.
Ah, if that Good I did more inly feel!
Then would the mediocre be surpassed,
And in some likeness of God's work would
mine be cast.

IN THE WOODS

WHEN through the quiet woods I roam
And not another draweth nigh,
The happy creatures in their home
Untroubled watch my passing by.

I trace the squirrel to his tree,
Or find the fledglings in the nest,
Or spy where goes the laden bee
On tireless wings that never rest.

The woodchuck, at his burrow yon,
Sees nothing in my mien to fear;
Nor hides the rabbit when at dawn
He knows my early footfall near.

In deepest shade a pygmy throng
Shall be my chosen company
When pipes the bird whose evensong
Invests the grove with mystery.

A sylvan spot the dryads haunt;
'Tis there the fairy peoples dwell,
Revealed to me in many a jaunt,
Though eyes and ears did little tell.

The pixies make me, at my rest,
The butt of every harmless prank,
And then upon their lingering guest
They blow the twilight vapors dank.

At once I snap the silken strand
The bidden spider spun for me.
They thought to bind him foot and hand
Who now to their surprise is free,

And, prompted by their timely hint,
Has turned him towards his cottage light
And, guided by the moonbeams' glint,
Is hastening homeward in the night.

A VISION OF PROGRESS

WHEN Earth was a world in the shaping, her
Shaper regarded her need,
So the light-bringing fiat went forth, and the
spirits of darkness took heed.
On the God-lighted face of the waters the beams
of the morning were bright,
But mark! since that wondrous arising, the earth
hath her day and her night.

Lo, the day giveth place to the darkness, but
wholly the day shall have won
When uses of darkness are past, and the term of
its service is done
In Nature's wide, visible realm, and in regions of
pain and despair
Condemned to the rule and the wrath of the
prince of the power of the air.

To him, even him, was permitted temptation and
plausible wile
Since Adam the weakling must struggle, by evil
ensnared for a while.
In the net of the fowler he strove, and we say,
"With a crumb was he caught;"
In the midst of his bower was the lure, and we
say, "He was tempted for naught."

Though still is the snare and deceiving, take we
heart, there is One shall requite;
He holdeth events in His palm, and the æons are
swift in His sight.

They compass the birth-time of nations, their
course, and the time when they die,
Yet to Him of the Infinite Vision those times are
the wink of an eye.

From Eden to Eden foreknowing, He aideth the
journey between,

From a clod in the deep of a vale to a crest where
a city is seen.

Her branches do murmur a welcome with naught
of farewell in the sound;

Had she gates, they were made for the shutting,
or walls, they were built for a bound.

But nowhere a limit she suffers, a bar whence an
exile is driven

To measure, by heart-empty weeping, a loss which
he values as Heaven.

There Adam has won his dominion, and Eve is
possessed of her own,

And the steep, stony uplands they weigh not
whose feet have attained to a throne.

O father primeval! your eating was but for the
mouth of a child

In knowledge, world-gotten, a babe overmatched
by the things of the wild.

O infant at Wisdom's pure sources! a drop on your
forehead did fall;

O mortal! what little baptizing! a drop of the
fount was your all.

O Mother of races progressive! O parent of better
to be!

Could'st dream in your sorrow what promise was
plucked from the wondrous tree,

Then cursing were blessing unripened, the bitter
grown mellow and sweet
When Time at the flush of her autumn hath joy
in a season complete.

Not a tare in the wheat's goodly burden; not a
weed in the wealth of the corn,
Neither mildew nor rot on the grape, and the
apple is cheeked as the dawn.
No banal thing thrives in the marshes, the growth
of the pestilent fails,
No jungle is gorgeous with death, and the upas no
poison exhales.

Long, long are the teachings of Wisdom, and
Eden did catch but a word;
A syllable fit for its hearing from lips of an angel
was heard.

Through ages onmoving, each nation a line of the
lesson perceived,
But ears were untrusty, and error did share with
the truth it believed.

Lo, the seer and the saint had high vision, and to
the wrapt bard would unroll
A leaf of the summing of Wisdom, a page of that
mystical scroll.
In language and meaning unearthly, 'twas traced
by the finger of God
For Earth when, aware of her mission, she teareth
her soul from the sod.

Fanatics would claim to decipher, and sceptics
would dare to deny,
And bigots would hurl their anathema, and
martyrs would show they could die

For a glimpse and a gleam they remembered, per-
haps as through some palace door
Ajar to the ray that revealeth the source whence
a thousand might pour.

Though Wisdom is long in the getting, and knowl-
edge a slow-gotten thing,
The toil and the profit of ants, or the earning of
bees on the wing;
Yet knowledge was writ for the knowing, and
Wisdom unriddled shall be,
Whether hid in the dome of Creation, or sunk in
its nethermost sea.

HEROES ¹

HE has not vision, but the surface view,
Who holds that Evil acteth more and more
its part;
That Virtue flowers with but the scattered few,
While Self's rank, loathsome weed is in the
common heart.

When swift catastrophe of flood or flame
Has left the homeless empty even of a hope,
When Earth yawns, hungry and with sudden
claim,
And vain the mortal means which with her
greed would cope,

Heroic strength of gentle hands is by,
The voice of sympathy is balm and soothing
rare;
The dews of pity gather to the eye,
And strangers long at once are neighbors every-
where.

When some dread moment of the tragic sea
Has widowed wives and caused the orphan's
bitter tear
To swell the heart-deep stream of misery,
How bright the lasting virtues of our race
appear!

When women, reared afar from peril, choose,
With fixed devotion and no fear-averted face,

¹ To commemorate the loss of the steamship Titanic.

With theirs to die, and sundering aid refuse,
We prophesy of Earth a Heaven-resembling place.

The chivalrous deeds of knighthood's noblest days
Seem lost ideals to the unobserving mind;
No errant champion threads the modern ways
To succor weakness and protect all womankind.

Our Arthurs and our Sidneys crave not fame;
Unvalued heroes they until the testing time
Startles the world and thrusts on them a name,
And shows the soul within us fit for things sublime.

LOVE'S MISSILE

O WHY so pensive little maid?
The June is round thee springing,
And both in open and in shade
The loves of June are ringing.

"Ah, I have known what eyes have said,
And heard a message bringing
Love's fullness till on me it weighed,
Despite of tree-top singing.

"If from that fullness sad am I,
The half is only seeming,
Since now to me is ever nigh
A scene that holds me dreaming.

"Therein the moon of love is high
And stars are faintly streaming;
Declining day doth gently die
And eve awakes to beaming.

"To pierce the grove the Archer Queen
A bow of silver bendeth;
Her missiles, tipped with moony sheen,
At trysting time she sendeth.

"And though a thousand find the green
And not a leaf she rendeth,
My heart there felt an arrow keen
From one whom it defendeth."

MEXICO

EVER the bloodshed and the strife,
The battle's ebb and flow!
Red War is clutching at thy life
Unhappy Mexico.

Thy gifts of power and place and rule,
Mere shuttles to and fro,
Find now the wise and now the fool,
Unhappy Mexico.

And then the fool in life's good wheat
The choking tares will sow
Till all of scantiness must eat,
Unhappy Mexico.

Upon thy soil hath foreign greed
For empire dared a blow,
And scattered revolution's seed,
Unhappy Mexico.

Mere jealousy and party feud
Full often brought thee low,
For thine were careless of thy good,
Unhappy Mexico.

In times of stress, when hands should clasp,
Why would not men forego
The fratricidal sword to grasp,
Unhappy Mexico?

Intolerance and its duress,
Of light and truth the foe,
To darkness would the twain repress,
Unhappy Mexico.

What shall befall of war or peace
Alas! we never know,
Nor when uncertainty shall cease,
Unhappy Mexico.

O may thy fierce, unfilial brood,
That ever works thy woe,
Soon weld the tie of brotherhood
For weal of Mexico!

Upon thy sunless skies and drear
God give the promise bow,
That yet the rising morn may cheer
A cloudless Mexico!

May perfect morn give way to noon
And all the midday glow,
And favoring Heaven grant that boon,
A happy Mexico!

O may that noon thanksgiving raise
From e'en thy peaks of snow,
And patriot song uplift in praise
An honored Mexico!

ETERNAL PEACE

THE God of Peace first stirred the worlds to life,
To mighty throes of elemental flame;
And shook the planet in that primal strife
When land and sea did each of other claim.

Not on these twain His Will doth wholly cease,
Nor yet to fiery change His Word is bar;
The mountains waken from their seeming peace,
The earthquake rends and oceans troubled are.

For passive peace what rousing could avail?
What other than relentless strife could be?
That world-old war which doth in purpose fail
Till sloth awaken to activity.

Desiring peace how often men have prayed;
And lo! in lifted hands a sword was thrust,
And strength was given to wield it unafraid
Lest, idly hanging, it should suffer rust.

Ah, when the joy of ease is our desire,
And trouble's draught is forced upon the lips,
Therein is hid the potion we require,
Withheld from him who only pleasure sips.

When war and peace have given each to each,
And fused are they within a common mold,
When power to weakness doth a lesson teach,
And firmer metal lendeth verve to gold;

Sweet from these opposites shall then appear
Earth's during peace. Changed to her very core,
Transformed into a heaven-aspiring sphere,
She shows the heavenly likeness more and more.

ARMAGEDDON

THE earth with violence is filled, the warrior
hath his say,
The man of peace a craven is whose words but
little weigh;
The camps are given to cursing and the name of
God in vain,
The fields are seared with fiery hail and red with
battle stain.

The kings are drunk with slaughter that sufficeth
not their thirst,
The captains would outdo the kings, and each
man would be first;
The dungeons groan with cruel deeds, the cap-
tives quake with fear,
The widow grieves, the orphan drops the bitter,
useless tear.

Wisdom is but a fool's delight and folly seemeth
wise,
The schemer weaves a crafty web and men are
but his flies;
Calm Justice from her base is torn to fix an idol
there;
Upon its brow a poison wreath and serpents in
its hair.

And other idols lifted up do men in reverence
hold,
And one hath many worshippers, for men bow
down to Gold:

His visage comely is and bright, but only from
the heart

Proceeds that gift of happiness which idols ne'er
impart.

Come forth ye strong and match your might!
Let line on line be hurled

That masters ye, or slaves, may be throughout
the teeming world!

The world that granteth goodly gifts of riches
and of place,

Or else denies all save the scourge and scoffing
and disgrace.

Like greedy locusts hither swarms the dense, far-
gathered host,

Vainglory on their banners writ and every idle
boast;

Vainglory in their challenge flung and boasting in
their call,

Nor dream they of the day and hour when heavy
judgments fall.

The day and hour of portents due since Evil's
term is run,

And wrath is poured and from the Throne a voice
proclaims it done.

Hark, how the cannon's din is drowned as bursts
the heavenly fire!

See, earth is riven to its core beneath the heavenly
ire!

Where once the islands of the deep, foams many
a watery crest;

The clouds that crowned the mountain-tops have
nowhere any rest:

Along the fronts of meeting war the charging
columns quail;
Above the losing fight they dread the bitter-
smiting hail.

The cities of the proud are judged, as Nineveh
they die,
As Babylon where beasts make lair and midst the
ruins lie;
Nor shall the flocks find pasture fit, but, ever
turning thence,
They leave to creeping, crawling things the place
of pestilence.

Gone is the in-wrought ivory, the curious things
and fair,
The cinnamon and frankincense, the precious
woods and rare,
The purple and the linen fine, the scarlet and the
gold,
The pearls of hue, the gems of price for which the
truth was sold.

Ye kings made drunk with slaughter, and ye
creatures of your kings
Who choose not any good of peace, but war's
most deadly things!
How are ye bruised and broken on God's ever-
turning wheel!
How are ye crushed in dust and mire by War's
down-grinding heel!

Ye scorned, forsooth, the man of peace whose face
was toward the light;
Ye nowise gathered from the dead who caught
the vision bright.

What gat ye from his lips who calmed the Galli-
lean sea?

What learned ye from the Indian sage whose life
was charity?

God-Wisdom seemed but foolishness, and folly was
your guide,

You trusted to the dreadful brink where turns
the maelstrom tide;

'Twas there in reckless mood ye launched on cur-
rents moving slow,

Nor did the helmsman watch the prow, nor did
he danger know.

And now in dizzy circles turned, ye lift blasphem-
ing voice —

And now the vortex whirls ye in and drowns the
hateful noise.

Gone! Gone! Outbursts the welcome sun above
the vanished crew,

And stricken Earth discards her weeds and dons
a garment new.

She dons a garment passing rich to greet the
heavenly bride,

The Holy City in whose midst shall love and
peace abide.

No rattling war-drum marks the pace of armies
drawing nigh,

Never the watchman from the walls rings out the
larum cry.

Than peace no harsher word is framed where
soar both joy and praise,

And many a sweet and yielding string Love's
gentle will obeys:

Sorrows of earth do wholly cease lest, from the
stricken heart,
To mar the happy marriage day, some drop of
grief should start:

Or else some clouding ill should rise from out the
dark bygone
To fix the over-anxious gaze and dull the bridal
morn.
The time is here, the bridegroom near who brook-
eth no delay;
Think not that he, whose word is pledged, would
tarry for a day.

THE FAIRY SHIP

AUTUMN'S on the mountain and her torch
has fired the hill,
And her season tempts me hither. Let me wander
where I will,
She, so lavish of surprises, hideth many still.

Autumn's in the valley and a blush is on the
stream
Mirror of the maples ruddy as the western beam
When it fills the wooded pathway, golden in the
gleam.

Charmed I loiter in the hollow: following the
brook,
Turn I with its every turn through field, or
shady nook
Where the woven thicket stays my curious out-
look.

Yonder falls a ripened leaf till on the tide afloat;
Dancing by me, light it passes as a fairy boat,
Light as that wee thing which sporteth in the sun
a mote:

Light as is its haunting shadow on the mirror
clear,
Light, so light a breath will wreck it is my sud-
den fear,
For a little wind-cloud, growing, ever draweth
near.

Dainty ship, if eyes had seeing, what would mine
 behold

As you shoot the tiny rapids and, in passage bold,
Shun, as if by happy chance, their dangers manifold?

To some helmsman you are given, to his master-
 ing hand:

He it was that deftly shaped you; he the venture
 planned,
Spreading then your sail of crimson by the zephyrs
 fanned.

Painted craft, were I but fairy I should see him
 now,

King, or prince, or just a sailor pointing sure your
 prow

Midst the rocks and swirls and foaming nigh to
 either bow.

He hath treasure in his keep for some fay prin-
 cess fair,

Sunny glitter for her bosom, moonbeams for her
 hair;

So he chooses all his passage with a pilot's care.

Onward ship to calm awaiting in the pool below!
Naught of hazard lurks beyond it in the current's
 flow.

Therefore bon voyage, my beauty! Onward,
 onward go!

ISIS

THE ancient Wise from common eyes
Their mystic lore concealed,
The precious page whereon the sage
Life's hidden laws revealed.

Those laws have worth for more than Earth,
Aye, for yon orbéd sun
Who rides and rides on etheric tides
Till some far port is won.

Inspired Seer! when far is near
Shall yonder voyager bright,
Worlds in his wake, the port forsake
To drift in Kosmic night?

Who then shall mark his lonely bark
If, North and South forgot,
All lines are crossed, the poles are lost
And time is dialed not?

Thus saith the Wise, "My inner eyes
Behold creation's Pole,
The fixéd North that first gave forth
The Egg from whence the whole.

"That Germ unseen is Isis, Queen;
Stars veil her mystery.
Until she call, her children all
Achieve their destiny.

"No orb is free from her decree.
When summoned are her brood,
Time being done, each homing one
Attests her motherhood."

OSIRIS ¹

IN Egypt's culminating years
Upon her sons, a favored race,
Osiris, Father of the spheres,
Looked down from His high, polar place.

Beside a valley sand-bestrewn
A pile He saw that firm should stand
Till drained the springs of Nile, and noon
Burns evermore a rainless land.

Behold a tyrant's tomb! we say,
A mountain to his mountainous pride!
What myriads did the lash obey
That safe his mummied shell might hide!

Not so! We wrong who bade uprise
The ponderous granite tier on tier;
Were never kings both good and wise
Beyond the bounds of old Judæa?

From where the Dragon balanced hung,
And Wisdom coiled the pole around,
Osiris winged a beam, heart-sprung,
Until His temple's heart was found.

In vain the shaft from whence by day
The Mighty once was seen to burn.
No star is moveless, so His ray
From its own temple heart did turn.

¹ Osiris was the secret name of Alpha Draconis, the pole star of 2170, B. C., then visible through the shaft of the Great Pyramid.

Then shadowed was great Egypt's noon
And Isis, Mother, Queen of night,
A glory waning as the moon,
Upon Her altars shed not light.

No more in crypt and cavern taught,
The Secret Science languished, died.
The priest, the seer, the mage were not;
The warrior slumbered by their side.

High wisdom fled the ruined hall,
Devotion shunned the crumbling fane;
But this to Egypt in her fall,
"Thy Star, Osiris, comes again!

"Proud Rome despoiled in losing fight,
Her crown the North shall wear a while,
Then wins the West her cyclic right
To yield the kingdom back to Nile."

When shall the flame by Time's decree
Re-consecrate the chamber lone?
When shall the twisting Dragon be
The guardian circle of the Throne?

Wouldst ask that carven Riddle old,
By Nile impassive, grim and grey?
To none hath she the secret told;
Nor smiles she lest her smile betray.

TRUTH

WHAT mean disguise, what garb of earth
High Truth has donned in low descent
Till men behold a questioned worth
Wherein but few can find content!

Should I assert my little say?
Should I, forsooth, intolerant be
Who glimpse of Truth a tiny ray
That other gazers fail to see?

If thy belief to me hath fault,
Or mine to thee seem wholly wrong,
Will Truth in earthly progress halt
While over creeds we quarrel long?

And what is creed but Truth of God
With one or many veils aside,
Or void of brightness as the sod,
Because from heaven sundered wide?

And what at best is creed but this,
To draw some height of Glory down!
But puny man must wholly miss,
In utmost reach, that Glory's Crown:

The hidden Light no eye hath found;
Effulgence of the Eternal Throne
By darkness barred from angels round;
The Truth as shaped by One alone.

THE TRIUMPH OF GOOD

BEYOND the wide ocean of waters outbreaks
the loud tumult of strife;
It sounds in the bugler's call and the drum's
fierce awaking to life;
Unreached are our senses, our ears they are dull,
but the heart, knowing all,
Grieves over the woe of the battle, the pangs of
the fated that fall.

The roar of the volley it heareth when the guns
on the battlement flash;
At shock of the thunders it seeth the deed of the
lightnings that crash;
Midst welter of blood there is slaughter, for
nations in death-grapple strain
Remorseless as waves when the tempest is lifting
the wreck-littered main.

Beyond the wide ocean of waters Ambition doth
work his desire,
And armies are drawn to war's furnace to perish
as stubble in fire;
Proud monarchs look on at the burning and
minions are coaxing the flame,
And Goodness and Mercy are outcast, and Peace
lieth shrouded in shame.

Men brave the mad billows of trouble to sink in
the sea's bitter brine,
Or they gain, after sleepless endeavor, the land of
the corn and the wine;

They suffer the heat of the forge and they writhe
on the anvil of pain

Till hammered to creatures misshapen, or else
to a possible gain.

Some make the world hard for its dwellers and
pray the great God to approve;

They know not He reigneth All-Father, Dispenser
of Justice and Love:

Mere offerers up unto Baal, some trust in a clamor
of words,

And some with the righteous are counted, yet
their eyes are a thrusting of swords.

All this, and the times are not shortened. Remain-
eth some vial of wrath

With war running over, and ready to pour on the
visited earth?

And what if the rain be withholden? And what if
the torrents descend?

And what if the vengeance of Heaven flare forth
and the thunderbolts rend?

Enough! See the morning unruffled, the even
refusing to frown,

And calm and unchanged and unchanging the
orbs of the night looking down!

His ills unto eyes all-beholding are but straws in
the way of man's rise,

A swerve in the sweep of his cycle, a blur in the
blue of his skies,

A jar in the wheels of world progress, a jolt in
the journey of time,

A tare in the wheat of life's harvest, a fault in the
turn of its rhyme,

A sudden note false from the harp-strings, a thorn
midst the roses' array,
A grain in the flesh of the mollusk that purest of
pearl shall o'erlay.

Lo! these are the matters that vex us, even these
are the things that amaze;
But when, from the peaks of our progress, down
through the long journey we gaze,
The scales from our eyes fallen off, and the light
of God's Truth all about,
And the skies of our faith cleared forever that
gloomed in the valley of doubt;

Ah! then with the searching of stars, aye! indeed
with the vision of day,
We pierce to a purpose unthwarted though moun-
tains should rise in the way;
'A purpose that maketh man's labor the price of
his eating of bread
Lest, haply he prove but a weakling, a sluggard
that loveth his bed:

A purpose that portions his duty and fitteth the
hand to the deed,
And broadens the breasts of the mighty, and
strengthens their hearts to succeed
Till, even from seasons of failure, they rise, or
from utter defeat,
To know in misfortune a teacher and see in the
bitter the sweet;

A purpose that rears on the ruin a better than
yesterday's best,
And then is that better a promise of better as yet
unexpressed;

A purpose that humbled the oceans till Eden was
brought into view,
A purpose that plants in the olden an Eden befit-
ting the new:

A purpose that moldeth of Adam a being most fit
for the skies,
And thwarteth the scheme of the author, the
framer, the father of lies;
A purpose that wresteth from evil a good hidden
deep in its core,
And turns even war to a weapon achieving a
peace to endure.

Across the wide ocean of waters outbreaks the
loud tumult of strife;
It sounds in the bugler's call and the drum's fierce
awaking to life;
But the One, the Eternal, is tranquil. His calm-
ness transcendeth our mood;
All things of all time hath He written, and lo! at
the end thereof, "Good."

THE LILY

A-FIELD I wandered wondering what flower
Revealed thy beauty, or perhaps thy grace.
In wood and open, midst the summer's dower,
I sought suggestion of thy form and face.
The rose too deeply blushed upon her tree
And every whitest thing lacked stateliness;
Then, eager even as the honey bee,
In richest meadows I would yet possess.
Despite the wealth of mead and wood and field,
Mine was an ever-unrewarded quest.
Often we journey to some distant yield
And lo, the nearest bounty is the best.
So, in my garden daily now I see
A tallest lily typical of thee.

LOVE'S GARDEN

HOW like a summer-radiant flower art thou,
Sequestered in Love's garden fair and green!
Yon cloud would dull the beauty of thy brow
And rob thy shining hair of heavenly sheen.
Come forth to find the sunny spread of sky!
Come! Naught shall match the redness of thy
lips:

Their parting doth the blossomed buds outvie
That lure the bee who only nectar sips.
Come forth lest haply Autumn seek thy shade!
O why apart who yet for love wast born?
Forsake then and forget. Thy heart is made
For sweet companionship, thy heart of morn.
Come forth that in thine eyes' celestial hue
Celestial deeps may find a mirror true!

NAPOLEON

DEFFECTS and virtues both in thee did meet,
Else thou, beneath thy star of destiny,
Hadst brought indeed the boon of liberty
To lands king-ridden. Ah, 'twas thy defeat
That thou didst reach for prize too mortal sweet,
And in thy grasp a cheating crown would see,
Though Europe longed for freedom ne'er to be
Shouldst thou in duty fail her far. Complete,
Some day, shall be the triumph of thy star,
The God-enkindled, beaming, without bar,
On heroes of the hush and of the roar,
High heroes chosen when Earth's need is sore;
One perfect hero: him of Gallilee,
And many lacking; heroes like to thee.

TOLSTOI

TO shame the Tartar 'neath the Russian skin,
He showed a kindly, just, and peaceful life
Prevailing more than war and bloody strife.
His voice of love shall sound when dies the din
Of fruitless anarchy; shall enter in
The heart, and pang the tyrant as a knife,
And soothe the oppressed as never voice of wife,
Or child, or sympathy of nighest kin.

When Russia, risen to her day, doth stand,
Her friendly palm within the peasant's hand,
Though blind from birth, she then, with sight
God-given,
Shall know her chiefest and most filial son,
Not wholly wise and faultless, but the one
That furthered well the purposes of Heaven.

MAN TO WOMAN

TEACH me thy heart that henceforth I possess
Life's better portion through my years of life.
Love would I daily learn of thee, good wife
And teacher; all its mightful gentleness
Should dower one lacking till that gift doth bless.
Though in the world my powers of mind have
weight,
And men of lesser grasp do count me great,
Before the bar of Love I stand loveless
If thou withhold. Then am I judged of God,
And thou, likewise blameworthy in His sight,
Shall know rebuke and the lone, sorrowful night
Of His averted face. So to the sod
We dwindle. We, intended for the skies,
Must walk the way whose end we but surmise.

II

WOMAN TO MAN

THINE is my heart since naught or all is thine;
But that thou hast which should the gift
enhance,

The setting for the gem most fit. Perchance
Thou givest not, yet, rich through what was mine.
Thou shouldest so from wisdom's wealth divine
To man bequeathed. Teach me the wiser look
That never thy good mind, a riddle book,
Attract but to refuse me page and line.

I fear lest, knowing wisdom not, I turn
To narrowing things of self and sense alone;
The things to change a love of sweetest name
To love estranged. Ah, then in me shall burn
No heart-pure sacrifice, but doubtful flame,
Perhaps to worthless gods of wood and stone.

III

MAN AND WOMAN

BY mutual need conjoined, and mutual aid,
Unto life's issues bringing mutual powers,
Forecast we better than these present hours.
Of things outgrown our yesterdays are made,
To-morrow's rise will prove this morn a shade.
A deep-down likeness each in other seeing,
We grow unto that unity of being
Revealed in part to Adam when he said,
"His father and his mother man shall leave,
And, one with her, unto his wife shall cleave."
Some universal tie our bond foreshows,
Some oneness yet, long sought but never found.
This marriage ring a vasty circle grows
To bind the planet with its golden round.

PEACE AND WAR

1914

HOW long must saner Peace from her calm
height

Behold War's angry front, the face to face,
The volleyed hell, the fall, the empty place
Refilled that yet again in frenzied fight
Brothers may murder? Stay! or Reason's night,
Descending on the warrior and his race,
Darkens the turning to that old disgrace
Wherefrom the savage rose into the light.

O ye that hold for Peace her citadel,
Her lofty look on heights, and hollows low
Serried with armies swarming to and fro!
From every tower voice to a blinded world
Your better sight! Let Reason loud foretell
The due of folly on the nations hurled.

FAITH

THOUGH dumb to every questioning, the
tomb

Deny me speech with all I buried deep,
Though tears avail not that the stilly room
Break the dead silence of its stony keep,
Let my weak faith, to doubt succumbing never,
Be schooled and strengthened for some nobler
need

In worlds whose Truth forever and forever
Shall hide from doubt's dull eye. Faith is a
seed

Earth-sprung, but nurtured, 'neath benignant
skies,

By shine and shower and oft-recurring dews.
Toward deathless heaven my faith should stalwart
rise

And, branching starward, no far reach refuse.
So let me face with trust the unrevealed
Till fitter times make known the doubly-sealed.

SKY WITNESSES

WHAT face of change Earth shows continually

To Heaven's unchanging, self-illuminated spheres!

When red Arcturus, headlong star, appears

Urged ever by a hand no eye can see,

And night's transcending Pleiad harmony,

Finding a heart-string tuned, is in the heart,

And girt Orion fills his hunter part;

Ah, then reversing ages carry me

To Syrian Uz once visited by these

Whose fires shall quiver o'er man's latest breath.

Saw they the stricken Job mourn tardy death,

And sorry comforters give naught of ease?

Knew they when from the whirlwind came the

Word,

The Justice and Compassion of the Lord?

THE PLEIADES

“The sweet influence of Pleiades.”

HEAVEN'S high interpreters; would your
sweet theme,

Subduing discord's every element,

Make this harsh Earth a pliant instrument
To mingle with man's pure millennial dream?

Each string of your harp's seven a star doth
stream;

Far as this world each star of seven hath sent
Her beams, concordant seven, with love-intent,
And into seven is cloven every beam.

Primæval harp! ere Earth was clothed in clay,

What sangest thou to vaster, elder spheres?

What peoples in that vanished yesterday

Drank all thy message with entrancéd ears?

And dost thou, for unshapen worlds to be,

Withhold some chord of moving euphony?



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